THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, June 23, 1854.

G. W. Bowman, Editor and Proprietor.

Democratic State Ticket.

GOVERNOR:
HON. WILLIAM BIGLER.
JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT:
HON. JEREMIAH S. BLACK.
CANAL COMMISSIONER:
COL. HENRY S. MOTT.

☞ We invite the particular attention of our readers to the following extract from a Sermon by Rev. E. W. Hutter, of the Lutheran Church, on the subject of "*Political Toleration.*" It is one of the best productions on this subject we have ever read, and the principles it contains should be treasured as a pearl of great price. No man can read these plain and forcible truths, without feeling ashamed of the low personal abuse so frequently heaped upon the heads of those who differ in political opinion. It has almost been reduced to a *system*, for *Politicians* to brand every man as an enemy and traitor who stand in opposition to their way of thinking, a system repugnant to the best feelings of all correct minds, and it is gratifying to perceive that the *masses* are begining to repudiate this disgusting system in a manner not to be misunderstood. In proportion to their strength, there are generally as many good men (in all their *personal relations*,) in one party as the other, and when one man is placed in opposition to the other as a candidate for public favor (both, perhaps, equally respectable and possessing equal talents,) how repulsive and loathing to see the one branded as a *felon* whilst the other is almost *deified!* But we simply designed to direct the attention of the reader to the subjoined extracts, and trust they will be read with that care to which they are so justly entitled:

POLITICAL TOLERATION.

Extract from a Sermon preached in St. Mathews Lutheran Church, New Street, on Sabbath Evening, June 5, 1854, by the Pastor, Rev. E. W. Hutter.

TEXT:—"*Let your moderation be known unto all men.*"—PHILLIPIANS, IV. 5.

POLITICS, in the abstract and elevated sense of the term, is a science, among the noblest and most useful that can engage the mind of man. It embraces in its enlarged and comprehensive sphere, the dearest and most cherished temporal interests of the human family. By this study are unveiled the means, whereby sagacious and enlightened policy imparts elevation and grandeur, force and stability, to human institutions. By it, governments are founded and perpetuated. The study of politics, as a science, enables man to detect in the social organization those lurking principles of defection and decay, which, receiving their vitality from the depravities inseparable from Ignorance and Luxury, conduce to paralyze the virtue of the masses, and sport with the fate of nations. The proper and impartial study of politics, qualifies man to trace from history the corrupt influences of venal administrations upon the best constituted governments, and to cut off the fountains of defection and ruin, before they have sapped the foundations, and over-turned the super-structure, of national prosperity. It qualifies, also, to distinguish between the Patriot and the Demagogue—the man of principle and the man of interest—and serves to demonstrate, that in their *private* characters alone are to be found the true sources both of political virtue and depravity.

It is the custom with many to decry the very term "politician" as one of infamy and shame. But why? If patriotic and enlightened, from the errors and calamities of other republics he gleans lessons of wisdom and virtue for the safety and perpetuity of his own. With the sources of national prosperity, as well as of national decline, he acquaints himself. The ruins of ancient grandeur, he does not contemplate with stoical indifference, but every memorial of destruction he traces to its primitive cause. Looking over the map of the world's history, he perceives that there never yet has existed a city, a state, or nation, that has survived the fatality of certain elements and causes of decay. He sees Nineveh gone—Babylon gone—Troy, and Thebes, and Palmyra gone—the old Medo-Persian empire gone—the Grecian empire gone—the Roman empire gone—Palestine, whose classic soil once echoed to the virgin steps of the World's Redeemer, despoiled of her glory! Standing amid these speaking symbols of by-gone ages, from the moss-covered sepulchres enshrining the dust of departed glories, he evokes utterances of wisdom, perceiving in them multiplied proofs that there *is* a Providence palpable in the government of earth's empires—a God ruling in the heavens, at whose command nations appear and disappear like bubbles on the sea of time. And at the shrine of these departed glories does the well-informed politician enkindle the Promethean flame which is to illumine the unknown Future. Folly and Crime entomb the pride of Power and the Pomp of Civilization; but it is the politician's task to open in *other* places new avenues for their renovation, where the causes of dissolution have not yet penetrated.

Such being the elevated and useful character of political science, I have not deemed it an inappropriate theme, at this particular juncture, on the eve of an exciting election, for calm and dispassionate pulpit effort. In so doing, I would not, of course, lose sight of the sacredness either of the place, or the day. The time is the *day* of our Lord Jesus Christ—the place, the church, founded in His blood. With the Apostle, "I magnify mine office." When I deserate it to unworthy ends, let "my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." With partizanship, and its contests for place, I have nought to do. But with government, as a system of ethics, applied to the regulation of communities and states, for the preservation of their internal peace and safety, and the developement and augmentation of their moral, intellectual, and *religious* energies—we have all much to do. And *this* topic, with which the most cherished interests of man are indissolubly interwoven, I dare and will discuss.

The idea, to which I wish to assign prominence, is, that in this country, where freedom of speech and of the press are so untrammeled, what we most need is POLITICAL TOLERATION. To the calm and dispassionate judgment of every unprejudiced mind, it is submitted, whether our political differences, for the most part, are not conducted with a degree of acrimony, from which the better portion of the community revolts. If Civilization, in its progress, has banished those instruments of physical torture, by means of which, in the dark ages, the artful demagogue established his terrible despotism over his fellow-man, unhappily there are still other agencies of coercion in existence, equally to be deprecated. There are no longer any royal butchers, like King John of England, to extort wealth and homage, by tearing teeth from the mouth—but for violence and force the substitutes here are ribald abuse and unsparing calumny. Our arena of political discussion, to a great extent, has degenerated into a gladiatorial ring, in which the controversialists, forgetful that politics are a branch of morals, assail each other, often, with almost demoniac phrenzy. Their aim does not seem to be, to convince, but to exterminate, as if Obloquy were a nobler weapon than Reason, and to defame a neighbor a prouder achievement than to reclaim him from error. A happy millenium will have dawned upon our land, when its party disputations shall be conducted without a resort to intemperate denunciation and ribald invective—when the sole ground of controversy shall be the antagonist principles of government—when the struggle shall be one of Reason and Opinion, and the establishment of Truth—and when controversialism shall have ceased to be sunken into a wretched brawl, in which bad ends and worse means act the chief part.

It is not to be expected that on questions of grave and dignified importance, we should all think alike, nor would it be desirable. In the material world we behold an interminable diversity. The excellent hand of nature has not fashioned any two objects exactly similar. From the flowers that bloom on the same parent stem, and the leaves that rustle on the same branch, to twin sisters and brothers, all bear distinctive marks of inexhaustible variety. Much more strikingly still is this principle exemplified in the diverse and manifold operations of the intelligent and immortal mind. Boundless as is the field of knowledge and speculation, there is, perhaps, scarcely a subject that employs the thoughts of men, on which the opinions of any two wholly coincide. What should this universal difference in the constitution of taste and intellect teach us, other than the duty of an enlightened and prudential tolerance of opinion? What right have I to pursue a neighbor with fire and faggot, for no other reason than that he cannot view a measure of government in the same light as myself? Can I be certain that *I* am always right? Have *I* examined the question with proper attention? Have I suspected my own passions and prejudices? Am I myself free from pride, error, and infirmity? What, if the revolutions of time, mellowing and changing the passions of men, as it does the outward face of nature, should convince me that I was wrong and my neighbor right? How then would I excuse my intemperance, either to myself or others? Well, therefore, does the Apostle enjoin: Be *moderate*, not in *one* thing only, but in *all* things, and let your moderation be known unto *all* men—an injunction, which no class of men need so much to hear and practise, as those engaged in violent and excited partizanship.

The Psalmist calls it a good and pleasant thing for brethern to dwell together in unity, and so it is. They that neither devise mischief against others, nor suspect it to be contrived against themselves, possess calmness of mind, composure of the affections and sweet sleep at night. Not so the life of the *immoderate* politician. Enmity and dissension are for the most part the ingredients of his bitter cup. His thoughts are distracted with solicitous care, corrosive envy, and anxious suspicion. His heart boiling over with choler, his tongue out of tune by discordant noises of clamorous contradiction, his sea of life is tossed with tempests! Oh, how immeasurably more comfortable to sail steadily in a sea of quiet—every sense and faculty of the soul participating in an undisturbed community of affection. When the heavenly convoy of angels agreed to wish mankind their most perfect and elevated felicity, they could not better express their sense of it than by wishing them "Peace and Good Will." This angelic benediction excited partizanship annuls and defeats. It arrays neighbor against neighbor, alienates the best friends, and often severs the sweetest among brotherly ties. This is the effect, it is true, to some extent, of all contests for truth, in matters pertaining to religion, as well as in those pertaining to secular policy. The admonition is hence of general application—"Let your *moderation* be known unto all men."

Happy could the Christian church esteem itself, if within *its* hallowed pale the hydra Intolerance did not rear its hideous crest. Mahomet and his followers propagated their creed with fire and sword. Mournful to relate, the professed disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus too often display the same ferocious spirit, so utterly repugnant to that of the master. Burning faggots, racking of quivering limbs upon wheels of torture, imprisonments, persecutions, and expatriations have too frequently been substituted for Persuasion, Faith, Prayer, and Love. If the Romish Inquisition, the fruit of an unhallowed and persecuting bigotry, had its *Auto da Fe*, the annals of Protestantism are stained by the curling smoke of a Servetus. The Saviour's appeals were ever addressed solely to the human volition, to the convictions of the mind and heart. To effect *His* mission, and secure *His* conquests, He proposed no other than moral means. His own chosen apostles did not always imitate his benign spirit. One of Peter's arguments was to sever the ear of Malchus from his head, but Jesus healed it on again. Even the meek and amiable John wished to see a rain of fire descend, to consume one who was exorcising spirits *outside* the church, until Jesus answered, that his mission was to save men's lives, not to destroy them. No sooner, however, do the ministers at the altar obtain secular power, than they forget the mild precepts of the Christian faith, and exhibit the frailties of an unsanctified humanity. Then do they cease to be "ensamples to the flock," but become "lords of the heritage." The most repulsive and detestable of all despotisms is that which sets in judgment on the soul, and seeks to paralyze the exercise of *its* faculties. Submission to its arbitrary mandates is an abdication of reason, and degrades man to the level of a brute. The consolations of religion, or the virtuous philosophy of a Socrates, may enable human nature to tolerate manacles upon the limbs, but an unhallowed obtrusion into the sanctuary of the *soul* is an outrage surpassing the capacity of human endurance.

Is the immoderate pursuit of abstract dogmas confined to the political arena? I wish it were. Candour constrains me to affirm the contrary. True, there are *here* no convictions and executions for imputed heresies, no stake-burnings, no inquisitorial torturings, no decapitations on the scaffold, no incarcerations, no penal inflictions for infractions of arbitrary orthodoxy, no Procrustes beds to stretch or shorten; but our religious periodicals teem with the most embittered sectarian strife, and not unfrequently with the most envenomed *personal* assaults. Disputations upon Christian truth, among and by Christians, surely should be so conducted as to subdue the turbulence of the passions, control the waywardness of the will, elevate the affections, and purify the heart. Alas! Their conquests are often prosecuted by harsh invective, as if the mind could be moulded by constraint into any pattern of symbolical or traditional *orthodoxy*, as the potter shapes his clay.—God himself hath enkindled in man's inner temple the "burning bush" of Reason, to guide his footsteps and illumine his soul. This heaven-lit flame the ferociousness of man would often fain quench. Not to politicians only, therefore, but to Clergy and to Laity, does the Apostle say: "*Let your moderation be known unto all men.*"

One of the evil consequences of over-wrought partizanship is, that it super-induces a disqualification to judge accurately either as to the effects of measures, or the merits of the men, who are to represent and execute them. One of the reasons why the Pharisees would have nothing to do with Christ was, that he was the son of a carpenter, and had been brought up at Nazareth. They foolishly asked whether it were possible for any good to emanate from *there?* They judged before they had heard, and condemned as soon as they judged. So the *mere* politician. He perceives everything that is good in his own party, or sect, and everything that is bad in those who differ from him in opinion, whereas there are good men and bad, in all sects, and among all parties, and some Truth, and some Error, mixed up with all. The duty of the Christian is to seize upon the Truth wherever he can find it, and to do justice to a truly upright and good man, no matter where he is from, even if he be the *Son of a Carpenter!* But to such an extreme of prepossession are party politicians often hurried, that to condemn a measure, or to denounce a man, it is only necessary for them to know that they belong to the party opposite to their own. And, under such influences, everything pertaining to the subject is viewed through a false and distorted medium. The mind is not free to investigate. It is already clogged and trammeled by the fetters of prepossession.—And in no department of political activity are the pernicious consequences of such a spirit more glaringly palpable than in the tone and temper of the newspaper press. When the press is pure, free, *independent*, and enlightened, it is the great moral engine of the age, moulding and directing the opinions and activities of the masses. Only a century and a half has passed away since the introduction of newspapers. During many years their progress was slow and doubtful. In their infancy there was little to commend them to public regard. In the days of FRANKLIN, for example, a newspaper was a mere chronicle of passing events, recording everything with equal gravity, whether trifling or important.—Then the newspapers put forth no enlarged news, no interesting speculations, no elaborate discussions, political or statistical. But as they attained maturity, their character gradually changed, and they became, what they now are, the repositories of all that is important in the progress of human affairs, and of very much, too, that is valuable in science and literature.

The duration of the newspaper press is now beyond the reach, whether of fraud or force. In a republic, the newspaper is the safeguard of freedom—in monarchies, it is a jealous sentinel, prompt to discern and fearless to announce approaching danger. The newspaper is the speaking-leaf that describes all parts of creation—a true transcript of the world's face, day by day mirrored forth—the knowledge of millions issued to millions—the thread of DANDALUS, to guide the world through the labyrinth of Cunning—the spear of Ithuriel, to detect Error and Deceit. The Pulpit, the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judiciary, are all, under God, in some measure dependent on the press, and lean upon it for encouragement and support. It teems with extracts from the ablest Critics, the soundest Lawyers, the most learned Philosophers, the most distinguished Statesmen. The newspaper copes every sea, and traverses every lake. It climbs the mountains, and lingers in the vallies.—It is the wish of Archimedes realized—a fulcrum, capable of moving the world, *and a place to stand on.* In the remark of one of the early Presidents there was deep and cogent philosophy, that we could better get along with newspapers without a government, than with a government without newspapers.—

All this is unquestionably true of the newspaper, when free, pure, patriotic, enlightened, and independent. But alas! how comparatively few journals, purely political, deserve to be classed in this category. Exceptions, of course, there are—journals which loom up like shafts of towering granite, from green and pestilential morasses. But the great mass of partizan journals, on both sides, are they not the mere expoents of faction, chained to the car of the selfish and ambitious, and following their lead as blindly as ever automaton responded to the touches of the master-mover? Is a measure projected by the party?—It is applauded in terms of exaggerated commendation. Is it proposed by the other side? It is vehemently denounced. Upon the weakest and most ignorant the grossest flattery is bestowed, and from the well deserving it is withheld.

Immoderate attachment, by any sect or party, to their own dogmas and opinions, leads individuals often to the violation of law and order. If they cannot attain their ends peaceably, they resort to violence. The despotism of the mob is often the result, than which no form of social disorganization is more calamitous. The decrees of the mob, like those of Draco, are recorded in characters of blood. They fall indiscriminately upon the innocent and guilty.—Mob-law has not a solitary trait to lessen its hideousness. Its order is frightful *dis*-order. Anarchy and and madness stalk with triumphant tread in its train. A mobocracy is a realized Briareus, with a thousand hands, each bearing a dagger—a realized Cerberus, gasping with a thousand throats, each panting for blood. Like a West Indian hurricane, it strews the fruitful earth with promiscuous ruins, and turns the sky yellow with pestilence. It is an earthquake, that loosens the foundations of society, and buries, often in an hour, the accumulated wealth and wisdom of ages. They who, after the calamity, would re-construct the edifice of Public Liberty, would scarcely be able to find the model, perhaps not even the ruins. If, therefore, we would avoid internal dissensions, discord, and civil war, let us, with the tenacity and firmness with which we adhere to our opinions blend a becoming Christian moderation. But I have been sometimes asked, whether, in my opinion, it be possible for a man to be a politician, and also a Christian? This question I answer, unhesitatingly, in the affirmative. Why not? Does the sacrifice of integrity constitute a *necessary* element of political life? That were to utter a foul libel against that which *must* be pursued by some. In my intercouse with public men, I have known many, who in their every public action I had reason to believe were scrupulously and religiously upright. I know one public man, who has occupied many high offices in this country, who, from moral conviction, would not frank a letter, when on private business, lest he wrong the post-revenue to the amount of *three* or *six* cents, and would not use a sheet of letter-paper belonging to the Government, for the purpose of *private* correspondence. The declaration, then, that every man in office, or a candidate for one, is necessarily a rouge, is not warranted by fact. God has his own every where, and not a few among the politicians. When discovered, they cannot be too highly prized. Upon them, in the midst of disloyalty, God seems to have breathed a large portion of his spirit. They are the pillars of fire which brighten the darkness of the night, and to them, under God must we look for an enlargement of the empire of talent and of truth.

What, then, would I have the Young Men, whom I have now the pleasure to address, do? Never engage in political affairs at all? Never read a political newspaper, nor participate, in any way, in the organization of the government? By no means.—On the contrary, I regard acquaintance with the political history of this country—the genius and spirit of her institutions—the lives and services of her heroes and statesmen—as a most valuable attainment. Nor would I counsel the young man never to accept office. The offices are created for the common welfare, and somebody *must* fill them. If the honest and competent do not, the dishonest and incompetent will. What I would, however, affectionately exhort every young man against, is the pursuit of politics as a profession or trade. This has proved the ruin of thousands, conducing to habits of indolence and dissipation, and leading, if not counteracted, to the prison and the almshouse. The bait is attractive. Vigilance and prayer are required to resist the temptation. The desire of a name—the ambition to figure in the public prints—oh! it turns the very heads, often, of the young and undisciplined, leading them into a thousand hurtful snares. I would not have you then, Young Men, prematurely *affect* a greatness, whose delicate flame a puff of wind may extinguish. The knowledge of our nothingness, and of God's transcendent glory; a sense of the vanity of earth and of the nearness of eternity; these are considerations well calculated, to lead us to set a lesser value upon the world's applause. The more glutted and surfeited we are with popular hosannahs, the less we prize them. The surest and most pleasant path to truth and enduring glory, is to be just, kind, virtuous, upright, and sincere—to love and fear God, and obey the go-pel of God's son. Who hath greater fame in all the earth than Christ? And yet he never sought it. He never courted popularity—on the contrary ever repelled it. When He wrought a miracle, He did not blazon it to the world, but His injunction to His disciples always was: "*See you tell no man.*" How few tread *this* path to glory—the stern and rugged path of duty—and yet it is the only true path.—The *mere* politician togs and toils, abuses and contradicts, flatters and fawns, and struts and swears, to acquire a name—and yet, when hammered out to the utmost stretching dimensions, how far does it reach? Often, scarcely to the neighboring town, ten or a dozen miles distant.

Young Men! My concluding counsel is seek first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness. Let the sanctification of your spirits, and the salvation of your undying souls, be your chief aim and ambition, making every other end tributary and subordinate to this. If you engage in state or municipal affairs at all, do it with Conscience—in the love and fear of God—free from passion, prejudice, and excitement. In fine, so discharge your duty to the city, the state, the country, the church and your Maker, as neither to offend by criminal lukewarmness nor indiscreet zeal, and as that *your moderation shall be known to all men.*

☞ We publish in another column the advertisement of P. T. BARNUM, Esq., who will exhibit his menagerie in Bedford on the 5th of July. We were assured by his agent that no *circus* or *buffoonery* of any description is admitted into this exhibition, and, under such circumstances, we have no hesitancy in giving it a place in our columns, as the exhibition of the works of creation can have no tendency to vitiate the mind of anybody.

State Central Committee.

The Democratic State Central Committee, agreeably to previous announcement, met at Buehler's Hotel, in Harrisburg, on Thursday, the 15th instant, and after a full and free interchange of sentiments, it was resolved that a more efficient organization of the democratic party be effected, and that addresses be issued on the following subjects:—

1st. The new position of the Whig party and their allies.

2nd. The principles of non-intervention and popular sovereignty as settled by the Compromise of 1850, and embodied in the Nebraska and Kansas bill.

3rd.—Review of the measures of the present and late State administrations.

4th. Federalism and Whiggery from the days of Hamilton down to the present day.

Resolved, That the foregoing proceedings be published in the Democratic papers of this State.

J. ELLIS BONHAM, Chairman.
GEO. C. WELKER, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The intended Temperance Meeting to take place in Bedford on the fourth of July next, is postponed until further notice.

PETER SCHELL,
JOHN SMITH,
H. J. HENDERSON,
GEO. W. BLYMIRE, } *Committee.*

☞ The corner Stone of a Lutheran Church will be laid on the land of Jacob Fetters, (of John,) on Saturday, the 1st day of July next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Several Ministers will be present. The public are invited to attend.

BUILDING COMMITTEE.

June 23, 1854.

State Central Committee.

The above committee met according to previous announcement on Thursday. The attendance was as full as could have been anticipated. Their proceedings will be found elsewhere in this paper. It will be seen that they have raised a programme for conducting the campaign, and that several addesses will be issued. There are a number of excellent writers on the committee, but we presume that the principal labor will as heretofore, devolve upon the chairman, J. ELLIS BONHAM, Esq., of Carlisle, who has the honor of that position, and the Democratic party may confidently expect that the duties will we ably and satisfactorily discharged. Mr. BONHAM is a young gentleman, possessing a high order of intellect, of indomitable energy, and genuine Democracy. We look with considerable anxiety for the first address which will shortly appear.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Dangers of Native Americanism.

Robert T. Conrad, the newly elected Whig Mayor of Philadelphia, in his late inaugural address, declared that he was determined to appoint *no naturalized or adopted citizen to any place of trust.* This declaration will be received with a feeling of sorrow and disgust by all candid and just minds in America. Such proscription is a violation of the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, which knows no difference between the native and the adopted citizen, and which extends to all the advantages of a common freedom. The word "citizen" is robbed of half its meaning, if those who have complied with all the conditions which entitle them to wear it, are to be proscribed and persecuted on the locality of their birth. The constitution which prescribes the conditions of citizenship, knows no such rule, and any party which attempts to enforce such a rule, tramples the rights of an *American citizen* under its feet. They outrage one of the most sacred principles of American freedom.

So far as the principle is concerned, the authorities of Philadelphia or New York, may as well proscribe a man for being born in New Orleans, as to proscribe him for being born in Germany or Ireland. The principle which would ostracise a man for being born in Ireland or Germany, if carried fully out, would prove destructive of the general rights of every American citizen, for it would reduce citizenship to the narrow limits of special and accidental localities. Indeed, the principle of what is called Native Americanism, carried fully out, would leave no such thing as American citizenship in existence; but we should have only Philadelphia citizenship, New York citizenship, ect., and a war of sections, races and localities, would spring up, which would reduce our happy and prosperous country to a hell of strife and outrage.

But we need not go so far as to discuss the results of such a principle, for it is crushed in its very inception by that sacred chapter of human rights, the Constitution. And he is the worst foe to our country's freedom, whether he is born in New York, in Dublin, or in Amsterdam, who would seek to violate that sacred principle embraced in the meaning of "citizenship." The war which an un-American bigotry wages upon our adopted citizens, is as unnatural to our country as it is unjust to human rights. It is a crime that the Irishman or the German was not born in this country? If so many of them have done the best they could to atone for it by getting here as soon after birth as possible. They have borne their part of our national work, and contributed their share to our national wealth.

They have constructed our railroads and made fruitful our western lands. They have contributed their full shares to our treasures of art and learning, and to whatever elevates and advances our civilization. Banish every adopted citizen from our country, and what profession is there—what department of art, science, learning, or labor, which would not feel the shock? Our colleges, our studies, our counting-rooms, our work shops, and our public works, all would realize an instant shock which would cover with amazement and shame the bigots who are trying to make capital and a living out of a crusade against adopted citizens. It is astonishing to what a pitch of excitement this shallow fury has risen. We almost wonder that the "Native Americans" do not blast Plymouth rock to pieces with gunpowder, and banish the bones of the Pilgrims and the Knickerbockers from the soil of our country.

We marvel that Robert T. Conrad should not tear the picture of William Penn from the wall of the old State House in Philadelphia, and pull every monument which reminds "Native Americans" of the beneficence of Girard. Pull down, and tear up everything not produced by hands indigenous to the soil. Such an undertaking would impart an enterprising and business air to the streets of Philadelphia. And Robert T. Conrad is just rash enough for that sort of undertaking. "Native Americans" could not possibly have a better representative of their principles. Rash, firey, ambitious, without judgment, and without any particular restraints of conscience, he is the very embodiment of that principle which would violate the rights of American citizenship, for a momentary triumph of his party. It is at least comforting to believe that not possibly can the "old country" send us more mischievous and dangerous citizens than these. If our institutions suffer no evil from such restless and unprincipled spirits, we need apprehend no danger from any other course.—*National Democrat.*

☞ Bayard Taylor relates the follow amusing anecdote in his own experience in Arabia.

While in Arabia I had a very remarkable experience. There is a drug in the East whose effect is like that of opium; it is prepared from the Indian hemp. It is much used by the Saracen warriors when about to enter a battle, as a stimulus. It produces on the imagination a double consciousness; one part of the mind seems of study while the other looks on. From motives of curiosity, I was persuaded to try the effects of it on my own system. I was in Damascus at the time. Soon after taking the drug, the effects of it bagan to appear. I saw the furniture in the room, talked with the company, and yet I seemed to be near the pyramids of Cheops, whose blocks of stone appeared to me like huge squares of Virginia tobacco. The scene changed, and I was on the desert in a boat made of mother of pearl. The sand seemed grains of lustrous gold, though my boat ran as easily as on the waves of the sea, the air seemed filled with harmonies of the sweetest music; the atmosphere was filled with light, with odors of music. Before me seemed to be a constant series of arcades of rainbows, through which for fifteen years, I seemed to glide. The finer senses were developed, and all gratification was a single harmonious sensation. Hence we cannot conceive the origin of the Arabian Nights. My companion, a huge Kentuckian, tried the drug with an amusing effect. After looking at me for a while, he started up with a the exclamation, "I'm a locomotive," and began to cut off his words like the puff of an engine, and to work like the moving of the wheels. At last he siezed the water jug for a drink, but as it down with a yell, saying, "how can I take in water into my boiler when I am letting off steam."

THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS WITHOUT FOOD.—A young woman from Bremen, arrived in New York, scarcely able to speak a word of English, and proceed directly to Wisconsin, in company with an acquaintance, to visit a brother residing there. Having finished her visit, she started back, with her friend who understood the language well. On the way, in the confusion incident to hastily changing cars, she missed her friend. On she came, however.—Not only was she unable to speak a sentence of English, but she without a cent of money.—The conductor came for her fare; she shook her head, and—possibly on account of her good looks—he let her pass. She had too much pride to beckon for food, and so she continued on without any. Three days and three nights she went without a mouthful to eat. She became sick at her stomach, and could not retain on it the cold water which she drank. She describes the sensation of hunger, which becomes powerfully intensified, as "gnawing" and horrible in the extreme. At the end of three days she arrived in New York. She was taken suddenly sick, and lay on her bed for two months.—*N. Y. Post.*

WATER DRINKING.—Prof. Silliman, in a recent Smithsonian lecture at Washington, gave the following sensible advice to young men, which all should read, remember, and adopt: "If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks not water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and every thing else that disturbs the normal state of the system: rely upon nutricious food and mild diluent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

☞ A lady in Boston was recently bitten on the hand by a favorite cat. The hand became inflamed, the affection finally extending to the whole body, so that a doctor was sent for, who immediately proceeded to apply partial remedies securing partial ease. The case is not exactly hydrophobia, but the whole system is poisoned by the bite.

SINGULAR CASE.—About eighteen months since, Ida, a little girl of about 4 years old, daughter of Mr. M. Taylor, residing in Saratoga, near Pearl street, complained very much of a sharp pain in the lower part of the left groin, and upon examination a protrusion of the flesh was discovered as if rupture had occurred. Dr. Riley, one of the most experienced physicians, attended the case, and ordered a truss, the pressure of which the child could not bear. Soon after on the right side of the abdomen, a hard lump was detected, inflamation ensued, and a tumor was manifest. The usual remedies was applied for a long time, but the child grew worse, and a great rigidity of the system supervened, and there seemed to be no probable relief but in death. Supposition, however, was in process, and the tumor was finally lanced, when a considerable discharge ensued. Temporary relief was experienced, but the child presently grew worse, complaining of comething sticking her. About two weeks since, being very fretful, Mrs. Taylor carefully examined the open wound, and perceiving something that looked like a foreign substance in the core of the tumor, she managed to get hold of it, and to her utter amazement drew out a large pin, very much corroded. Dr. Riley at once pronounced this the sole cause of the disease, and it so turns out, for the child has recovered its usual health, after its long prostration, and runs about as well as ever. The child is supposed to have swallowed the pin, but when or under what circumstances is unknown.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A CLERICAL PUN.—One of the San Francisco bishops, while delivering a discourse, let fall a very excellent pun, of which he was at the time perfectly unconscious, and which he did not discover until it was pointed out to him in his sermon, which was a written one. He was speaking of Peter's denial of the Saviour, and of his subsequently going out to weep. "And why," said he, "why did Peter weep? Because he had committed a *crying* sin." For an impromptu and unwittingly uttered pun, this is one of the best on record.

Capt. Grainger writes from Fort Merrill, that within a week past the Indians have done more damage than in the three years previous.

The Brazos river was very high. At Houston it was three miles wide, and great damage to crops was anticipated.

The steamer Florida has brought back to Savannah the fugitive slave, who had escaped in the Charleston steamer Nashville, and was transferred at sea to the Florida.

An annecdote is told of a young lady of Harrisburg, who was on a riding excursion recently. The horse commenced kicking, when she in the most simple manner requested her companion to get out and hold the horse's leg or he might injure the vehicle!

A BIG RATTLESNAKE.—On the 14th ult., Mr. Geo. W. Bowman, on his farm in Bullitt county, Ky., killed a rattlesnake six feet four inches long and 13 inches around the body, with twenty-one rattles. It is believed that this was the largest and oldest rattlesnake ever seen in the Western country.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Monday evening last, while a servant girl named Mary Johnson, living in the family of A. D. Hope, Esq., was engaged at sewing by a kitchen table she accidentally overturned a burning fluid lamp into her lap. In an instant her clothes were all on fire, when she rushed into the street, the flames striking above her head. Mrs. Hope happened to up stairs at the time and as soon as she ascertained the cause of the disturbance below, she followed the girl with a blanket and with much presence of mind threw it around her and smothered the flames; but by this time the poor girl was so horribly burned that she died the following Tuesday morning.—*Easton Argus.*

A FEARFUL WALTZ.—A correspondent of the *London Times*, in giving an account of the bombardment of Odessa, says: "When within about 2000 yards, each steamer delivered the fire of her enormous guns, then wheeled round in a circle of about half a mile in diameter, each taking up the fire in succession.—Thus they kept wheeling and twisting about like so many waltzers. One of the English steamers was set on fire by the red hot shot from the fortress, but the fire was got under without much damage. The dock yard which was set on fire burnt for two days and nights, and a vast amount of naval storps must have been destroyed. During the fight a geat loss of life."

MARRIED:

In Schelisburg, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Kopp, Mr. WM. ROCK to Miss SUSAN WAGNER.

On the 6th inst., by D. B. Wisegarver, Esq., Mr. SAMUEL BLACKBURN to Miss MARY MILLER, all of St. Clair Township, Bedford County.

CONSUMPTION AND SPITTING BLOOD.—See the certificate of Mr. Turner H. Ramsey, for many years proprietor of the Farmers' Hotel, Fredericksburg, Va., and late of the City Hotel, Richmond, Va. Dr. John Minge, of the City of Richmond, though a regular physician, and of course opposed to what he called quack medicines, was obliged to say that its good effects in the case of Mr. Ramsey, were wonderful indeed.

He had been given up by several physicians; had tried most of the quack medicines, and was on the verge of despair, as well as the grave, when he tried Carter's Spanish Mixture.

We refer the public to his full and lengthy certificate around the bottle, stating his cure.

*** See advertisement.

THERE ARE FEW things which afford us greater pleasure than sitting down to write a notice of the celebrated Hoofland German Bitters, because we are fully conscious we are conferring a public benefit, and our heart tells us that by our notices many have been induced to take these Bitters, and been rescued from death by Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, &c., for the cure of which it is certain. It is prepared and sold only by Dr. C. M. Jackson, at the German Medicine Store, No. 120 Arch street, Philadelphia.

THE LUNGS.—The lungs are the most liable of all the organs of the human body to take disease, especially in the winter, owing to the cold and variable state of the weather, which causes obstructions of the skin; the humours are driven in upon the internal organs, hence coughing and shooting pains in the breast are experienced. To any afflicted in this way, we would in the way of salutary advice say, buy Dr. Keyser's Pectoral syrup. Take it according to directions, and you will get well.

☞ We are authorized to announce the name of HUGH MOORE, ESQ., as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

June 23, 1854.

A DESIRABLE TOWN PROPERTY
For Sale.

The subscriber, anxious to go west, offers, at Private Sale, the valuable Town Property on which he at present resides, in Schellsburg Borough.

There are two Lots, (one of which is a corner lot,) 66 feet front by 240 feet deep, on which there is erected a two story Brick Dwelling House, 40 feet front and 20 feet back, with Brick back building, 20 by 16 feet, with double back porch, all nearly new.

Also, a two story Frame Carriage Shop, 58 by 20 feet, with Smith Shop adjoining, 35 by 19 feet, and Carriage and Lumber House, 16 by 30 feet, an excellent new or nearly new Stable, and other out buildings thereon erected.

The location is in the most desirable part of the Town, and one well suited for the Carriage Manufacturing Business, or the same may be changed to suit the Foundry or any other Mechanical pursuit. The shops are sufficiently large to work 10 or 12 hands to advantage.

Being near the Allegheny, the best of Lumber can be had cheap—and coal can be got to great advantage.

Any person wishing to purchase property and start the Carriage Manufacturing Business, will do well to call on the subscriber, as he is determined to sell if he can.

For terms, &c., enquire either of the subscriber in Schellsburg, or Jno. P. Reed, Esq., Bedford, Pa.

G. W. HUNT.

June 23, 1854.

Public Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned will offer, at public sale, on the premises, on THURSDAY, 27th day of July next, the following described real estate, viz: A tract of land situate in Colerain Township, containing one hundred and fifty acres and 120 perches, adjoining lands of Fred. Mench, Akins' heirs, Jno. Harcleroad, and others.

Terms made known on day of sale, and sale to commence at ten o'clock. A. M.

JOHN CESSNA,
Adm'r of the Estate of Jacob Direly, deceased.

June 23, 1854—4t.

Public Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned will offer, at Public sale, on the premises, on FRIDAY, the 28th July, next, the interest of John Moser, minor son of Philip Moser, deceased, being the one undivided seventh part of the following described Real estate, subject to the Widow Moser's dower, viz: A Tract of Land situate in Harrison Township, containing about one hundred and thirty acres, about one half of which is cleared, with a Log House, Barn, Tannery, &c., thereon erected, adjoining lands of Samuel M. Barclay's heirs, Jno. E. Miller, Abraham Miller, and others.

JOHN METZGER,
Guardian of John Moser.

June 23, 1854—4t.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned will offer, at public sale, on the premises, on FRIDAY, the 28th day of July next, the interests of Elizabeth, Susan, and John Miller, of, in, and to the following described real estate, it being the one undivided seventh part subject to the widow Moser's dower, viz:

A tract of land, situate in Harrison Township, containing about one hundred and thirty acres, about one-half of which is cleared, with a Log House, Barn, Tannery, &c., thereon erected; adjoining lands of Samuel M. Barclay's heirs, Jno. E. Miller, Abraham Miller, and formerly the property of Philip Moses, deceased.

☞ *Terms*—CASH. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M.

JOHN METZGER,
June 23, 1854.—4t. *Guardian.*

Final Notice!

The subscriber gives particular notice to Sportsmen, that they must not trespass on his premises in pursuit of game. He has suffered much from them and their dogs already. Malicious boys and others, who are in the habit of trespassing, are also notified that he will no longer submit to their depredations, and is determined to deal with them to the extent of the law.

WILLIAM MAIKEN.

Bedford Township,
June 23, 1851.*

NOTICE.

In the matter of the petition of Septimus Foster for leave to prove a parol contract made by Richard L. Foster, late of Broadtop Township, Bedford County, since deceased, with the said Septimus, agreeing to convey to the said Septimus 50 acres of land, more or less, in the said Township: Notice is hereby given to the Administrators, and Heirs, and all other persons interested, that the undersigned, appointed by the Orphan's Court of Bedford County, to examine all witnesses, whomsoever, as well on the part of Septimus Foster, Relator, as on the part of all other persons interested touching said parol contract, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at the house of Thomas Speer, in Broadtop Township, on Saturday, the 24th day June, 1854, at 9 o'clock, A. M..

WM. M. HALL.

June 2, 1854.